

## Starting A Family

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/11972301) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/11972301>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Teen And Up Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Kill la Kill</a>
Relationships:	<a href="#">Iori Shirou/Kiryuuin Satsuki</a> , <a href="#">Inumuta Houka/Jakuzure Nonon</a> , <a href="#">Gamagoori Ira/Mankanshoku Mako</a> , <a href="#">Matoi Ryuuko/Sanageyama Uzu</a>
Character:	<a href="#">original child character</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Falling In Love</a> , <a href="#">Pining</a> , <a href="#">clueless idiots in love</a> , <a href="#">5+1 Things</a> , <a href="#">Short Chapters</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 4 of <a href="#">It's Not A Date</a>
Stats:	Published: 2017-09-02 Completed: 2017-09-25 Words: 2,355 Chapters: 6/6

# Starting A Family

by [J000liet](#)

## Summary

More than one group is starting a family.  
And for some of the student council, it's going to take a leap of faith.

## Starting Line

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Uzu sighed as he watched his wife watch her sister. She was right, Satsuki was lonely, and it was making his wife unhappy.

And his friend.

But mainly his wife.

How could a woman as smart as his general be so clueless. She had gotten Gamagoori to admit that he wanted to date Mako. She had gotten out of her mother's base by *sharpening her toenail*. She had convinced him to propose. She was a smart business woman.

So how was she so clueless?

"Satsuki..." He sighed as his wife left the room.

"Brother."

"When are you going to find someone?"

"I do not have the time for a relationship." Satsuki sipped her tea.

"But what about-"

"I am not having this conversation." She clinked her cup down into the saucer with some force.

"Just remember, part of moving past the war is finding someone to return home to at night." He sighed. "You told me that."

And he went to help Ryuuko in the kitchen.

"She's completely unhappy." Ryuuko sighed.

"I know." Uzu wrapped an arm around his wife's shoulder and kissed her temple.

"And Iori-"

"Is being just as stubborn as she is."

"What if we get Mitsuzō to tell them that there's an arranged marriage between them. They would believe that!"

"But is that *really* how you want to do things?"

"No." Ryuuko sighed. "I just hate seeing her so lonely."

“We all do, Ryuu. Now, are you sure you should be caring that?” He took the tea tray from her arms.

“I can carry cookies, you monkey.” She kissed him and took the tray back.

“But I’m your monkey. *Forever* .”

“Gross.”

“Thanks.”

She laughed and left the kitchen.

~ *Kill La Kill* ~

“Iori, I need you to make something.” Uzu smiled. The mask was gone, but he was still the same tailor as always.

“And that would be?”

“A shirt for Satuski. A plain cotton shirt that has ‘future aunt’ written on it.”

Iori froze. “Congradulations.”

Uzu smiled. “Thank you.” He swallowed. “So when are you going to ask her out?”

“Who?”

“My sister.”

Iori spit out his water. “What?”

“When are you going to ask out Satsuki?”

“Never. Because she isn’t interested. The shirt will be ready in half an hour.” Iori put on his mask. “Now go!”

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# Starting Reason

## Chapter Summary

Nonon knows the reason why.  
She just doesn't accept it.

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Nonon wasn't surprised that The Monkey and The Transfer Student were having a child. It was clear by how much they love each other that they went at it like rabbits. She was surprised when Sanageyama came up to her and Inumuta and asked them to be the baby's paternal godparents.

They agreed, cause if it wasn't for them the kid would have no taste in music and have the IQ of a fruit fly (not really, but she would never admit to thinking otherwise) but it was still a shock.

So she went over to Satsuki's house to talk to her best friend about her worries about messing up a kid. And something was very different.

"You have a cat." Nonon eyed the creature bathing in the sun.

"Mmm." Satsuki poured herself some tea. "Three kittens, actually. Two brothers and a sister. Iori got them for me."

"Iori?" Nonon smiled.

"I can call friends by their first names and have it be non romantic." She sighed.

"Except you call the Toad Gamagoori still and the Monkey is now Brother." Nonon sipped her tea. "And if you say its to differentiate between him and his uncle, then don't bother. You like him."

"Nonon... why is everyone so fixated on this?"

"Because, you helped us find happiness. We want to do the same." Nonon put her cup down. "You are my best friend. I want you to find what I have with Hoka."

"I don't need-"

"Everyone needs someone."

"I have you and the others. My sister. I am going to be an aunt-"

"And you need someone to share that with."

“Nonon, please?” Satsuki was exasperated. “I don’t want to talk about this.”

“Alright. We won’t. But I will say something that you won’t like that needs to be said. You, out of everyone and especially because of what you have been through, deserve to be loved.” Nonon eyed her friend.

~ *Kill La Kill* ~

Nonon waltzed into Iori’s studio like she owned the place. It was the only way to get his attention when he was working. That... or be Satsuki.

“What do you want, Nonon?” Iori sighed.

“Satsuki, Underachiever, and I designed some clothes for Transfer Student to wear when she swells up. I’m here to drop them off.”

“Let me see.” He held out a hand. “Well I can tell who designed what.” He sighed as he examined the sketches.

“So when are you going to ask her out?”

Iori sighed and stared up at the ceiling. “It’s a conspiracy. First Sanegeyama. Then my uncle. Now you. The answer is never.” He looked back down to the sketches. “She isn’t interested.”

“That isn’t true.” Nonon shook her head and smiled when Iori’s neck cracked as his head popped up. “She just doesn’t think she deserves whatever happiness life brings.” Nonon sighed. “Just think about it, will ya?”

And she left him to his thoughts.

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# Starting Change

## Chapter Summary

Gamagoori knows what it will take.

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Gamagoori was sitting on the couch uncomfortable in the fact he was covered in kittens.

He eyed Satsuki who was just smiling and putting something in her pocket that looked suspiciously like a phone.

“May I take the kitten off my head now?” He sighed.

“You are her property now, Gamagoori.” She smiled. “She will come off when she pleases and no sooner.”

The kitten sleeping on his shoulder purred.

“The same is true for Senketsu.” She nodded at the sleeping kitten, sipped her tea, then sighed. “So... let me have it. Why should I date Iori?”

“Because-”

“I’ve already heard my brother’s theory and Nonon’s opinions. I have also had to listen to his uncle talk about the subject. I am curious as to what you have to think.”

“Iori is a good match, a kind person, and a smart decision.”

“A calculated response. Not what I wanted.”

“You relax around him. Your smile is less tense and you stand less straight. You do not think about the past in a negative light when he is around more so than with the rest of us.”

“Another calculated response, but at least this time it is a personal decision.”

“He loves you.” Gamagoori took the kitten off his head and placed her on a pillow all her own. “He told me drunk one night and you should know. Now there is no reason for you to hold your feelings back the way the rest of the student council did.”

“Gama-”

“My time with Mako has made me realize that having someone who understands that we are not what we appear is necessary. That having a person who just understands is required.” He gently brushed the kittens off his legs and stood. “That having a person who cares

unconditionally is the most precious thing in the world. That is my reason why I believe that the tailor Iori is a good pairing for you. I must go. I promised Mako's brother I would teach him advanced mechanics."

Satsuki smiled at him. "Your family needs you then. I will not keep you."

"Your family too, Satsuki." Gamagoori bowed and left the room.

Satsuki's shoulders sank as she stared into her tea. "Family?"

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## Starting Chance

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“Inumuta. I am conflicted and I need your help.”

Inumuta smiled as Iori barged into his apartment. “Finally realized your feelings for Sats-”

“CAN EVERYONE STOP WITH THAT!” He yelled and collapsed on the couch.

Now *that* had his attention. Iori never yelled like that.

“What is the matter?” Inumuta saved his files and closed his computer.

“Everyone telling me that she...” Iori swallowed.

“Why is it so hard to believe that she likes you.” Inumuta sighed.

“Because... I’m just the nephew of her butler.”

“Pardon my French, but that’s bullshit.” Inumuta sighed. “What is it with the student council men?”

“What?”

“You think I think I’m good enough for Nonon? Happy, smart, beautiful, *popular* Nonon? Or that Gamagoori doesn’t think that he’s too old and strict and has a stick too deep in his ass to have Makanshoku’s love? Or that Sanageyama isn’t terrified that his wife is going to wake up one morning and think he’s a screw up and run away before he can mess up a kid?”

“But that’s all bull!”

“How is it any different from you?”

“Because... it just is!”

“HOW?”

“Because she deserves the world. Not just some guy that’s good at sewing.” Iori slumped.

“So she doesn’t deserve the guy who’s stood by her side, through thick and thin, who know everything that has happened to her, who knows her weaknesses, who has fought for her in the past?”

“She does! But all of you are taken! And here *I* am pining for a woman who deserves my friends.”

“But what about you? You’re the one who’s been with her the longest.”

“What?” Iori looked up.

“You’ve grown up with her. The closest on the student council to that is Nonon.”

“What?”

“Don’t pretend to be a dense parrot.” Inumuta snapped. “It doesn’t suit you.”

Silence.

“Just think about it?”

Iori nodded.

And that would have to be enough for now.

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## Starting Moment

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She was just so beautiful.

With her sharp eyes, and her hair, and her legs, and her spirit.

And look at him! Short. Average. Loner.

Single.

Then again, if Uzu Sanageyama could get married and have a kid, maybe he'd have a bit of luck too.

And look at her holding her niece.

They were all there, in the hospital for the birth of the next generation.

Azumi, meaning safe residence. And she would experience that. Because of her aunt and mother and father and her godparents. But where did he fit in with this family? Did he even fit at all?

"Iori."

"Yes, Satsuki."

"Come and hold her." She held her niece out.

He walked forwards and she placed the girl in his arms.

Black hair with blue eyes, like her mother. The tiny human looked up at him, eyes wide with innocence, and giggled.

"What's so funny?" He asked her, as if she could understand.

And then she was falling asleep.

"She's beautiful." Iori smiled at the tired woman in the bed. "Congratulations Ryuko."

"Thank you."

He tried to hand her back to her mother, when she woke up and started crying.

"Let me." Sanageyama took her, but that only made her cry more. He handed her to her mother. The crying died down, but she was still wailing.

Poor Ryuko looked like she was about to cry.

“Let me take her back.” Iori held out his arms.

And her cries died to whimpers.

“She likes you.” Ryuko smiled. “Be prepared for babysitting duty.”

“Why don’t you sleep.” Iori smiled.

“Thank you.”

She was out in less than a minute.

Everyone looked at the baby.

“See?” Satsuki smiled from her new place by her sister’s side. “You do belong.”

He looked at the woman. And then the baby in his arms. He could do this. He could be a hero. He could give Satsui somewhere safe.

They could belong.

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# Starting a Family

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They were leaving the hospital and Satsuki was... conflicted?

Confused?

Lost?

Damn everyone for putting thoughts in her head that Iori might be interested in her.

And when he was holding Azumi, she felt this pain in her chest. Something akin to jealousy, but deeper, not as obvious.

She enjoyed watching him hold the baby girl. She wanted him to have his own children. And maybe...

with her?

Was that even an option?

Damn it! Why did they have to say that they were a good pair? Why did they have to get her hopes up? Why did they have to-

"Satsuki!"

"Iori." She turned and smiled.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing."

He just sighed and then:

"Can I ask you something?"

"Yes?"

"Would you ever consider eating dinner with me as a date? Could you see me in that light?"

"Yes."

"You don't have to- did you say yes?"

"Yes." She smiled.

"You'll... go on a date with me?"

“Yes.” She nodded.

“Tonight?”

“I am setting up my welcome home gift for my sister tonight. But... I would be willing to do lunch now.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

And the way Iori smiled brightened her spirits. “Great!”

“There’s this nice little cafe, halfway between here and my apartment. We could go there?” She offered.

“Perfect.”

“Satsuki!” Nonon ran up. “Want to come to lunch with the rest of us? You to Iori.”

“I’m sorry, Nonon.” Satsuki smiled, taking his hand. “Shiro and I have a date.” She tugged him along. “Let’s go!” She tugged him (although he was more than willing to go with her) past everyone and in the direction of her apartment.

“Did she just say date?” Inumuta pointed after the couple.

“Yeah.” Nonon nodded.

“Our President is so grown up!” Mako jumped up onto Gamagoori’s back.

“What do you mean?” Gamagoori looked at her.

“Its her first date.” Nonon smiled.

“Ever?” Inumuta watched the couple retreating down the sidewalks.

“Yep!” Mako smiled.

All through lunch, Satsuki felt a peace that she had been missing.

She felt a security that she had craved.

They laughed and talked and he paid for her sandwich (which no one had ever done before) and then he took her window shopping. They tried on the silliest clothes they could find and made ridiculous faces and found a little stuffed samurai monkey and a little black cat that was just the right size for a toddler once Azumi had grown a little that Shiro said he could put an eye patch and a necktie to make it look like Senketsu. And He helped her set up the welcome

home gifts, the mountains of diapers, the stack of clean onesies, the enormous blanket that she had bought.

She felt like she had her own family that day.

A family she had built.

A family that no one would ever be able to tare apart.

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